

Little Problems of Married Life

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

THROWING OVERBOARD THE OLD FRIENDS.

In that famous journey of Jonah the prophet, from Joppa to Tarshish, nearly three thousand years ago, when the wind and the tempest rose, and the great waves washing over the little craft threatened to submerge it, they threw Jonah overboard that the lightened ship might ride easier in waters smoothed into peace and tranquility. In this twentieth century, the old time friends of the husband are often similarly cast overboard from the ship of matrimony that its burden may be lightened and the waves of home discord may be stilled.

The direct primitive simplicity of the Jonah incident is rarely followed today. It is usually accomplished by tact and tactics, by seeming innocent comments and criticisms, by delicate diplomacy, by placing the friend in an exposed position which makes it seem that he merely fell overboard. It is the final result of gentle, gradual pushes instead of one bold, fearless toss.

When a girl marries she does not feel that the curtain has been rung down on the nearest and best in her old life. Her girl friends do not give her up for lost and feel that she has passed forever out of their love, sympathy, regard and companionship. Her life has not broadened; they will visit her and she them as of old; they will take interest in her new world and she will retain as best as she can the threads of the old relationships.

The husband usually is honestly glad that his days alone may be brightened a little by these friends, that she is getting out of life all the happiness that she can. Of course he has very little appreciation of her old admirers; her fervor of approval of their good points seems to be more sentimental than judicial; he cannot imagine what she can possibly have ever seen in A, or B, or the others down the alphabet of her men friends. Wild enthusiasm over them is hardly to be expected but for her woman friends, except when they camp around the house at all hours and make it impossible for him to have a quiet talk alone with her, he is usually complacently tolerant if not cordially encouraging. He does not always receive similar courtesy and consideration.

When a man marries, even his truest, worthiest and best friends, those who have been close to him, who have been his confidants, his chums and his comrades, feel with sadness that it has now come to the parting of the ways. They bid him good-bye, in spirit if not in words, as though he were going to some island in the South seas and they might never see him again. It is not the natural drifting apart that comes from his absorption in his home, with new duties and responsibilities that they fear; it is that they will be disqualified by his wife—and that her secret influence will be turned against them. Of course they do not think she is just the one they would have picked out for him, for a man rarely does approve of his friend's wife as quite good enough for him, but they are willing to be magnanimous, and let loyalty and charity wipe away prejudice, and even believe that she is the wonder her husband declares.

If she be wise, for her own sake and that of her husband, she will try to make them her friends, too, and guard carefully against their even being washed overboard, much less being thrown ruthlessly into a sea of forgetfulness. If they already happen to be her friends as well, they usually will be admitted into the home on her ticket and have a comfortable orchestra chair, but often, when it is otherwise, the husband alone can issue but a pass entitling the bearer to standing room only.

There are some wives who show a strange jealousy in trifles. They have a hunger for aliveness; they are not satisfied with being merely supreme, and first and best and most—they want to be "only." They are not content with being the sun of his life; they want to be the sun and all the constellations, too. They want to corner his emotional output and control the entire market. They often seem to consider his affection, regard, esteem, liking and favor as his emotional cash and that if he spends the least bit of it elsewhere it is taking just so much from them. Their constant fear of competition is a poor tribute to their own powers.

When a man first tells his sweetheart or his wife about his best friend, in his loyalty, generous pride, and confidence that he is speaking to welcoming ears, he may boom him unduly. Soon he may become conscious in a vague way that the audience is a bit cool and unenthusiastic, his words do not seem to carry over the footlights and the applause is faint and perfunctory. When he tells of the time when they roomed together at college and pledged eternal friendship, it seems to her just a bit young and sentimental. When his voice trembles a little at the episode of the mining camp when his friend nursed him through the fever she says: "Never mind, dear, now you won't need him, you have me to take care of you."

The recital of a story of his friend's sense of humor does not appeal to her; it is weighed in the balance and found wanting. Every good point she discounts in a quiet, illusive way she feels but cannot combat, every virtue is shown to have some failing wrapped up in the seams. When he is most interested in impressing her she looks way off into the distance or flags his train of thought at the way-station of some commonplace observation that shows she has only been half listening as she interrupts to point out the funny shade of a cloud or to ask him if he does not think old-rose neck-curtains are beautiful.

When he invites his friend to dinner

at their home for the first time he is filled with a boyish delight—and over-anxious that it will be a success. He is proud of his home and wants to have it admired; he is proud of his wife and proud of his friend and wants them really to like each other. She is pleasant but just a little more dignified than is absolutely necessary; there is a slight air of constraint; talk does not flow freely. The fountain of his friend's wit throws only a timid, tentative spray occasionally and causes only the faintest splash of a half smile. After the coffee things brighten up a little and over the cigars the two talk over old but—it is not a real trio. When good-night time comes and he goes to the door and helps his friend on with his coat, and they stand on the steps a few minutes, look up at the stars and discuss the weather prospects, there seems a note missing in the music. Both are conscious of it.

When he hurries back to the dining-room, where they have tarried because it seemed more comfortable, to hear the verdict of the jury of one, he is disappointed even though he feared it was prejudiced. The first remark, "Hasn't he large hands?" does not seem really vital but it is significant. He does get credit for dressing well but as this was to be expected, it does not count. He laughs too loudly; he seems conceited; he mispronounced four words; he called her husband by some flippant nickname; he has such strange views of religion, she is sure he is an atheist; there must be something wrong with his family, he never mentioned any of them; she would wonder anything there is a cruel streak in him for she could tell it by the expression of his mouth. She seems to have a certain pleasure in checking off the items, seemingly unconscious of the pain she is giving. In her prejudiced mood even St. Paul would be disqualified had he come in as a friend upon whom the husband depended for affection, counsel and comradeship.

In the days that follow the resentful rebellion stimulated by the defense and protest helps her to find new flaws and defects, and the never failing trickle of comment and criticism may begin to wear away a rock of friendship. The friend's visits become shorter and then cease. The husband occasionally meets him downtown and he chafes at the thought that he is not treating him squarely; it seems disloyal, but he cannot see how to change it. He frets at the curtailment of his freedom; he does not speak of the meeting at home. He knows that if he should speak it would mean a fusillade of questions, not of real interest but of curiosity, the instinct of being on guard like a sentry whose duty it is to challenge. He does not care to invite the inquisition. It is sad when a wife, even through overzealous loving, closes with her own hand the door of her husband's confidence; it may rust on its hinges and become difficult to reopen.

Other friends of his may be dropped overboard in many ways and for many excuses but with the same real reason. One may borrow money, another may have had table manners which her comments convert into almost a crime, a third is not tolerated because of his wife, and so the catalogue of extinguishing the lights of friendship runs on until all the old ones are snuffed into darkness and forgetfulness. The friends then are the new ones they have made together since their marriage and her old friends that are new to him. They are those that have not weathered the storms and trials of life and been tested and found staunch and true.

The old friendships carry with them a sentiment deep-rooted in the past, a sweetness, a tenderness, a loyalty, a communion of memories and experiences that cannot be duplicated in after life. They are like old books that we have loved for years. The binding is worn and smoothed by our hands and by dear hands now stilled forever; the inscription with the date is growing fainter for the eyes to decipher but easier for the heart to read; there are passages that helped and inspired us still joyfully retaining our penciled lines so we could turn to them in perfect confidence whenever we desire.

There is the thumb-mark that floods memory with a glow of hallowed golden light, for only we know what it means. And in the turned down page it would seem irreverence to fold back; there are dim, dried brown tints on the margins that somehow suggest the autumn of our years; there is the fern-leaf slipped in that night we shall never forget while a smile is still left in the heart, and the narrow ribbon book-mark is faded and crinkled. And the whole book is dear to us and we love it and we trust it. It has an honest feel as we open it and it speaks the same old words just in the same old way with no slightest change through all the years. The new editions in green and gold are beautiful but they seem so self-conscious and assertive; they look new and they smell new and they seem untold, untested, unproved.

Sun Power Harnessed.
A retired physician of Clifty, Ark., Dr. C. P. Marks, has invented a machine by which he has been enabled to melt cast iron in five minutes with the temperature of 85 degrees, and to weld cast iron and steel. This can be done any day in the year and in any latitude. Clockwork holds the sun-light in focus.

The doctor's experimental machine has a lens only 15 inches in diameter, and a focal distance of 45 inches, and with this he melts cast iron in five minutes. The doctor says solar heat can be substituted for coal and other fuel in most of the industries by means of this device.—American Boy.

A Brave Man.
The other day a lady sat in a crowded car. She was asked to show her ticket, and, carefully producing a piece of pasteboard, handed it to the collector. "This is a pawn ticket, miss," said the official severely. "Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, blushing deeply. "I'm sure I don't know." "Oh, it's all right, miss," said the man sitting next to her. "You put your hand into my pocket by mistake."

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON

Luncheon Spaces Now at Premium in the Capital

WASHINGTON.—"Berlin Citizens Eating Lion Meat"—says the headline. Reading the headline the man in Washington wishes that he knew where he could get some lion meat. Conservation of food is the subject of much official talk, but the average Washingtonian who has to lunch in town has no sympathy with conservation; he is too hungry. They are starving by the hundreds right here in our own capital, every noon hour.

Europe may be hard pressed for food, but no more so than Washington is at the lunch hour. The answer is simply this: Washington has outgrown itself and there are not enough restaurants, lunchrooms and cafes to feed the thousands and thousands who have been brought into the city by the war. Dignified old admirals are seen rushing lunch counters in an attempt to get a ham sandwich. Warlike generals grab a seat in a "one-armed lunch." Every noon hour finds hundreds of uniformed men literally and actually fighting for food.

Crowded eating places are filled every day. Seats in the better cafes are at a premium. More than one official has gone hungry because he has been unable to find a place where he could get served.

Prior to the war, Washington was an easy-going city. At the lunch hour there were sufficient restaurants to care for all those who desired to eat. But with the outbreak of the war and a great increase in the city's population eating places have not been able to open rapidly enough to meet the demands.

Food may be a crying question in Berlin, but it is no more so than it is in our own national capital.

His Work Is Teaching Housewives to Save Food

THIS is a collegiate war. At least some of America's foremost war makers are collegiate men. President Wilson, the war leader, is a college professor and he has gathered about him a number of college professors to aid him in making the war. Not the least capable of these professors is Dr. Ray Wilbur, president of Leland Stanford University.

In the food administration, Doctor Wilbur is one of the "king pins." It is his duty to encourage the conservation of food. Perhaps it was because Herbert C. Hoover realized that it would take a diplomatic man to line up the housewives of America that he chose Doctor Wilbur. Perhaps it was because Doctor Wilbur knows the psychology of women. At any rate, Doctor Wilbur has the millions of American housewives doing just what the food administration wants them to do—saving food.

He has undertaken his work in the true college professor manner. All of his work has been done from an office. He has been a director of activities, and not a leader. He has never chosen to show himself to the public—few of the American people know that there is such a man in the organization of the food administration.

There is a bit of the canny in Doctor Wilbur's nature. When he found himself facing the task of organizing the women of America, he decided that it took a woman to catch a woman. As a consequence he built his staff of women. He secured women from far and near to espouse his cause. As a result his campaign seemed to be a campaign for women, managed by women. But it was a man who ran the campaign and a man who was canny enough to hide his authority from the women.

Pen Women Are Prominent in Patriotic Service

WHEN Mrs. Isaac Pearson, president of the League of American Pen Women, rose to address the gathering of 75 presidents of national women's organizations assembled before the woman's committee of the council of national defense, she was introduced by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, with these words: "If there be one set of women I envy, it is the women of the pen. We ought to be exceptionally interested to hear how the pen women of America are planning to use their power."

At that meeting, which was held in Washington in June, Mrs. Pearson was able to announce only a little of the war work planned by the league. Its undertakings then were just beginning to crystallize. In telling the story now, after a couple of months have elapsed, one hardly knows where to start, so varied are the avenues by which it is approaching the present-day goal—patriotic service.

"The chief part that the League of American Pen Women must play to help win the war is one of education," Mrs. Pearson said, when she was asked to tell what her organization of woman writers, artists, lecturers and composers is planning to do during the coming seasons.

"Women in Europe," she continued, "are doing men's work along all lines. In England their work in munition plants has been considered as even more patriotic than Red Cross work. Women in the United States, equally patriotic and able, are organizing for similar service in this country. The league as an organization stands ready to fill the places in magazine and newspaper offices of men called to the colors. It has already offered its services to the press of the country in case of need. In so far as the training of the members goes, they are prepared and will give as conscientious and devoted a service as women have given along the lines of food conservation, hospital and relief work, farming and the other kindred branches."

Further Proof That Fate Is Unfair to Women

ANYBODY might know that fate was a woman, she is so unfair in her dealings with other women. For one instance: A business person has her office wall decorated with many photographs of a gracefully pretty girl. A man came in the office, studied the pictures, each one a bit more pliant than the other, and then asked the woman in charge if the pretty girl were married. She was.

The man, with jaunty assurance, took a business card from his coat and laid it on the desk—you know how men are.

"Give her this, will you? And tell her if ever she's a widow to get me on the long-distance phone."

That was one man. Pretty soon another came along and looked the photographs over.

"That's a mighty sweet little girl! Regular chicken. Married?"

The marriage was reaffirmed.

"That's bad, but tell her she may consider me an applicant for No. 2—and ask her please to put me as near to the top of the list as she can, will you?"

It was just nonsense, of course, but it meant admiration, a in cave man. And in that same office sat a dear, worthy old maid, who couldn't get a husband for love or money—she said so herself.

Which proves without room for contradiction that fate is a woman—she is so unfair in her dealings with other women in the matter of men.

SOME POSTSCRIPTS

Weather reports are sent daily by wireless telegraphy from Gibraltar to London.

A jointed ice skate is a novelty, the idea being that it bends with its wearer's foot.

The United States is by far the largest producer and consumer of table salt in the world.

You carrying heavy bottles of ketchup along that look like some country have been invented.

Siam has been added to the list of nations that have officially adopted the metric system.

There are ants in Mexico colonies of which will attack a hive of bees and destroy it in a night.

Barley gave much better results than oats as a sheep fattening food in tests conducted by English farmers.

Deceased Mr. Wilbur, a new electrical machine will soon take down an ant and make them do no more.

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No Substitute Answers the Relief You Get From DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Wise persons accept no substitute for the old, genuine DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS; their remedial qualities are too well known to thousands of users who have saved themselves from the ravages of kidney troubles and Bright's disease by the timely use of this famous old remedy.

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Every druggist sells DODD'S under a rigid satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee. Get yours today and start on the road to health.

Keen Business Man.

"Excuse me, sir," said Blison, a little timidly, "but you appear to be following me. Is there anything you want?"

"Well, I'm just trying to find where you live, and introduce myself, like I'm McPherson, the undertaker?" said the burly stranger.

"Oh—er—quite so! I'm pleased to meet you, I'm sure! But there's no body dead at my place!"

"Nae, nae!" said the undertaker, smiling sweetly. "But I just heard you cough, an' I ha'e hopes!"—London Answers.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's

The Old Standard Tasteless Chilli Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

Too Much Grammar.

A man made a bet with a friend that he could go into the Billingsgate fish market in London and put one of the well-known loud-mouthed fishermen in a rage without saying a word that she could understand. The man commenced by silently indicating with his nose that her fish had passed the fresh stage. The Billingsgate lady at once made a verbal attack.

The man answered: "You're an article, ma'am."

"No more an article than yourself, you villain."

"You are a noun, woman."

"You—you—" stammered the woman, choking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand.

"You are a pronoun."

The belated shoek her fist in speechless rage.

"You are a verb—an adverb—an adjective—a conjunction—a preposition—an interjection!" suddenly continued the man.

The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she dumped herself down in the mud, crying with rage.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Admit Women Students.

The Harvard university medical school this year opens its doors to women students.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

Is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

New Rides in an Auto.

Mrs. Russell Sage, who is now past eighty-eight years of age, only recently consented to ride in an automobile.

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IMITATION IS UNCONSCIOUS FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Imitate on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Dazzles your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Most Admired Statue.

What is the most admired statue in Washington? The memorial to Mrs. Adams by Mr. Saint-Gaudens, thinks Mr. Moore. He says that "in spite of the remoteness of location and the difficulty of finding it in Rock Creek cemetery, no other work of art in Washington is really seen by so many people. Undoubtedly the element of mystery in both figure and setting has to do with its fame; but I prefer to think that in this memorial the sculptor has expressed (using his own words to me) 'the soul face to face with the greatest of all mysteries—the problem, if a man die shall he live again?'"

Such a piece of sculpture, touching every mind and heart, outwards in its appeal all the colossal figures and speaking likenesses. It would triumph in any referendum and need never fear a verdict of recall.—New York Sun.

War Declared on Rats by U. S. Gov't.

The government at Washington is preparing a campaign that should be effective in killing the rats that are so destructive both to lives and property. A conservative estimate places the loss of food-stuffs from rats at over two hundred million dollars annually, and in the present scarcity of food, this loss must be prevented. The most efficient way to "kill the rats" is by the use of Stearns' Paste, and thousands of dollars worth have been bought by the government. Every house-keeper troubled with rats, mice, roaches or waterbugs should buy a small box of this reliable exterminator for thirty-five cents, and stop further loss of food in her home.—Adv.

Up-to-Date Wedding Gifts.

"Well, what sort of wedding presents did you get, girlie—the usual assortment of berry spoons and pickle forks?"

"Not on your esteemed life. I got a sack of potatoes, four dozen fresh eggs, a peck of onions, and a Liberty bond."

How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

An Unreasonable Complainer.

"Most unreasonable man I ever met. Kicks because he has to get up in the morning at six o'clock and throw coal into the furnace."

"Pretty hard, I say."

"Yes! But think of having the coal to throw!"

"—doing a great work"

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Remember the Blind Man

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent.

The people of the world must be fed and wheat near \$2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands at remarkably low prices. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming as profitable as industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutritious food for the food required for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent.

There is an extra demand for a laborer to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government is trying to get men to put extra acres under grain. Write for literature and particulars as to return railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ott.—Canada.

C. A. Cook, 3012 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.; C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Government Agents

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